

# DUNLOP

—THE FIRST TYRE IN THE WORLD

Periodical

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DETROIT

# PUNCH



SEPTEMBER

23

1942

Vol. CCIII

No. 5300

For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

## "Triplex"—the safety glass

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/- per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland, 1d.; Canada 1d.; Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.

# For Energy & Endurance -



- in  
**Workshop  
Home or  
Office**

COUNTLESS thousands of men and women who work long hours in factory or field, home or office, find in delicious 'Ovaltine' the additional nourishment which helps so much to maintain strength, energy and endurance.

Consider the ingredients of 'Ovaltine'—malt, milk and eggs. Each one is a valuable food in itself. When scientifically combined in 'Ovaltine' they constitute a concentrated, health-giving food of exceptional merit.

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For these reasons drink 'Ovaltine' regularly every day. Make it your bedtime beverage too. It is recognised everywhere as an ideal 'night-cap' for helping you to enjoy the best kind of restorative sleep. In preparing 'Ovaltine' note that as it is naturally sweet you need not add sugar.

Drink  
delicious

# OVALTINE

P.593A

# 'Viyella'<sup>Regd.</sup> SERVICE SHIRTS

for Service overland and overseas

Off to an unknown destination, by routes which may



take him half round the world, an officer with 'Viyella' Service Shirts in his kit is well prepared to face any extremes or

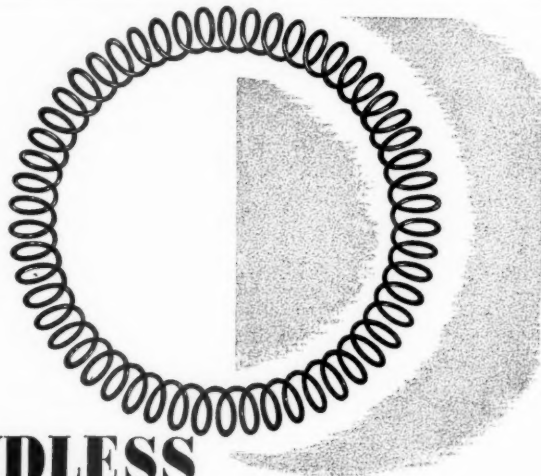
changes of climate. The smooth healthy texture, lasting colours and permanently easy fit of these shirts, in all circumstances and after any amount of hard wear and washing, are really something to write home about. In Navy, Army and Air Force regulation styles and colours from 18/2, collars 2/6. 'Viyella' Service ties 3/-. Stocked by high class hosiers and outfitters everywhere.

Overseas Offices and Representatives throughout the world.



A.8

# ENDLESS



are the problems of research. To these the fortunes and misfortunes of war have added many difficulties which were unforeseen a year ago. If the problem is springing, remember we have had 40 years of designing and manufacturing high grade springs for almost every industry.

THE TEMPERED SPRING CO LTD  
ATTERCLIFFE ROAD, SHEFFIELD, 4



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Enjoy the luxury of real Cigar Tobacco. CIGARLETS are little Cigars in a cigarette paper wrapping. Made from choice imported cigar tobaccos they possess the taste and aroma of a fine Cigar.

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20 for 2!

FROM ALL GOOD TOBACCONISTS AND N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

## biding time...

"If Winter comes can Spring be far behind....?"

Though the world be overcast and grey, many are the good ways of life that only await the sunshine of peace to blossom forth again.

So also is the House of Heinz waiting. The delicious things they brought you are not gone for ever. The great kitchens are working, good foods are being cooked with all the old skill in preserving purity and flavour.

That you may not see them so often is due to prior claims; by the Fighting Services that need "quality first" foods; by the demands of our national emergency stores.

Therefore, if you do not always run across the friendly label, remember that the goodly craft is not lost but only waiting—as are *you*—the hour of liberation from the bonds of war.

# HEINZ

57

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SOUPS — BAKED BEANS — SPAGHETTI  
SALAD CREAM AND MAYONNAISE



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The BRITISH Mineral Water

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I'm going

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single crumb'

Bread is a-munition  
of war and HOVIS is a  
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the nation fit. So make  
the most of HOVIS and  
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Now made only in the popular SLOTTED PATTERN  
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RAZOR BLADE

5 for 1/3  
including Purchase Tax

"Eclipse" Blades are now made only in the popular slotted pattern, and though scarcer than usual, they are still obtainable by those on the look-out for clean and comfortable shaving.

Obtainable only from Retailers.  
JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD.



It's hard, after 150 years of delivery service, to have to ask customers to fetch their own newspapers, but that is what it is coming to in many districts where staff shortage\* is making house to house delivery impossible. In some cases we are able to meet customers half way by leaving the papers for a group of neighbours at a central point for individual collection. Sometimes we can only have the papers ready for collection at the shop or bookstall, in which case customers usually arrange a rota. But for even a small group, say a dozen households, this means no more than two before-breakfast trips a month.

Need we say to those of our customers affected that we are sorry for the inconvenience? We certainly want to say thank you to them for the friendly co-operation they are showing.

\*More than 3,000 W.H.S. employees are now serving with the Forces.

W. H. SMITH & SON, LTD. Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C. 2



## Rags into action!

Cotton rags, woollen rags, worn-out suits and dresses, tattered dusters, ancient curtains, undarnable socks. All are needed by the ton, for re-making into Service fabrics. Every home in Britain can turn out *something*, and every ounce will help to bring victory nearer!

### What do I do?

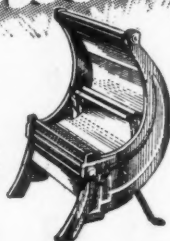
I comb my house from top to bottom for useless rags. I see that they are *dry*, and reasonably *clean*. And I keep them in a Rag Bag ready to take out for the salvage collector or the rag-and-bone man. I remember — every square inch counts.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

## Save fuel!

The economy of using your electric fire on cool evenings is that its heat is immediately available and instantly discontinued. Use it only when you need warmth — not a moment longer.



Switch on your  
**FERRANTI**  
Radiant Electric FIRE  
for quick comfort.

REMEMBER, too, that you can reduce the heat-volume of your Ferranti Fire by fitting an 'element' of lower capacity. And if your Ferranti needs repair or a new part, now is the time to get it done — ready for winter. New Ferranti Fires will be very scarce, but your Dealer can still get spare parts for renewals.

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The "Antiquary"  
Finest Scotch Whisky

OF RARE DISTINCTION  
WITH THE RIGHT AGE  
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Proprietors:  
**J. & W. HARDIE**  
SCOTLAND

★ USED BY  
OVER 7,000 DOCTORS

## CURICONES

FOR  
RHEUMATISM  
AND ALL SIMILAR  
AFFECTIONS

★ FROM ALL CHEMISTS





### For the patient whose strength is at a low ebb

IN a serious illness, when the patient's strength must be maintained through the critical period without making any demands on the digestive powers, doctors recommend Brand's Essence.

Serve Brand's Essence straight from the jar, or with toast or biscuits. It has an almost immediate stimulating effect. Available at chemists and grocers at the pre-war price, 3/- a bottle.

## BRAND'S ESSENCE

A Lancashire War Medallist



### Think of These Men

and help them. You can imagine what perils the War is adding to the already hazardous task of our Life-boatmen.

As the War at sea intensifies so does the Institution's call for your aid become more urgent.

We know you will not fail us.

**ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**  
LIFE-BOAT HOUSE  
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**"Goddard's"**  
Plate Powder  
or  
Liquid Plate Polish

# MECCANO

AND

## HORNBY TRAINS

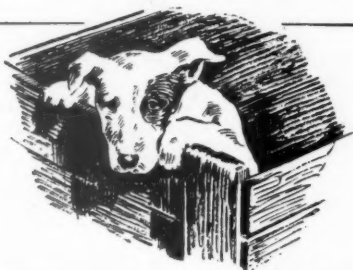
### THE WORLD'S GREATEST TOYS

We regret that we cannot supply these famous toys today, but they will be ready for you again after the war.

In the meantime, if you are in any difficulties with your toys, write to

MECCANO LTD., BINNS ROAD, LIVERPOOL 13

## WHAT CAN I GIVE HIM?



So many dog-owners have the same problem these days. Of course, if you are an old "Chappie" customer you have the satisfaction of knowing that you'll be able to give him what is best for him. For, although "Chappie" is rationed, we are doing our utmost to see that you get your fair share of the limited supplies available.

Vets, breeders and other experts will tell you that "Chappie" is the ideal all-round food for dogs — the complete scientifically balanced diet

that contains what they need to keep them fit and happy.

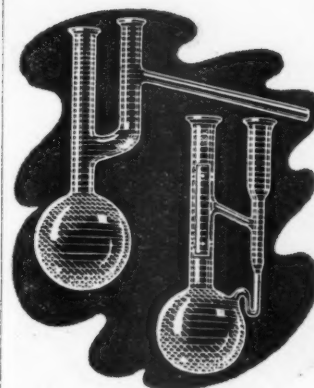
If, however, you are unable to obtain "Chappie" at present and are having to "make do" with second-best methods of feeding, may we make this suggestion: When conditions again permit the manufacture of sufficient "Chappie" to cope with the demand, you never feed him on anything else. Admittedly, that doesn't help you much now. But it will make a tremendous difference to your dog — after the war.

"CHAPPIE" DOG FOOD. In air-tight jars — 10d.  
From Grocers, Corn Chandlers, Pet Shops, Chemists,  
and all good Stores.

# "CHAPPIE"



**DOG FOOD**



## PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware is strong, safe, and reliable!

With the remarkably low coefficient of expansion of .0000032, PYREX Brand British-made Glassware is very resistant to sudden temperature changes, and thus a heavier, stronger, more robust article can be used successfully for general laboratory work.

This extra strength gives a margin of safety alike to the scientist, research worker, and commercial manufacturing chemist. It makes PYREX Brand Glassware absolutely dependable.

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PYREX Brand Scientific Glassware is supplied only through Laboratory Furnishers, but illustrated catalogue and two free copies of our Chemist's Notebook will be sent direct on application to us which should be written on trade heading or accompanied by professional card.

Ask for PYREX Brand and see that you get it!

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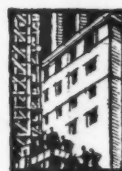


## The password is— Simpsons!

There's more than the touch of the master-tailor behind the smartness of a Simpson uniform. There's the quick efficiency of a master-organisation! A ready-to-wear service which ensures that you are fitted-out with a minimum of delay. A service ready-to-hand wherever you're posted—through the 400 selected Simpson-experienced agents. For uniforms and full equipment for H.M. Forces and Women's Services—the password is Simpsons

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OVER 400 SIMPSON AGENTS & SIMPSON 292 PICCADILLY LONDON W. 1



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Don't use light unless  
you must—and remember

# MAZDA

LAMPS

provide it with  
the utmost  
economy...



*Mazda Lamps—The Nation's Light*

Made in England by The British Thomson-Houston Company Limited.

3956

## for Army Officers only.

The prime quality leathers from which New AVENUE Service Boots are cut are severely rationed and can only be replaced by the makers if Officers sign a P.O.F. Form at time of purchase.

47/-  
PER PAIR



**SPECIFICATION.** Regulation Boot No. 7651.  
Genuine Scotch Zebu Grain Derby.  
whole-cut counter (no inside seams),  
superior calf-lining to toe, half-bellows  
tongue (watertight), full  
with double soles, five and  
medium toe, five and  
six fittings. Goodyear  
welted.

New

**AVENUE**  
QUALITY FOOTWEAR



## for Civilian Wear

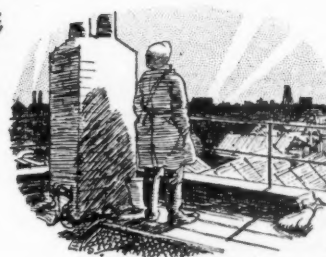
Made on the same supremely comfortable shape as the famous New AVENUE Officers' Regulation Boots.

M2335 BLACK CALF . . . 29/11  
M2336 BLACK GLACÉ . . . 29/11  
M2334 BROWN CALF . . . 31/7

Name of nearest retailer sent on request to makers—  
E. C. GRAVESTOCK, LTD. · KETTERING



## OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCIII No. 5300

September 23 1942

### Charivaria

UNDER a new Control of Paper Order, letters must be kept short. Make a note of it.

There is less careless talk in our coastal towns than elsewhere, says a writer. Natives of Whitstable, for instance, are traditionally taciturn.



A famous Hollywood screen actress is unmarried. Still—not again.

MUSSOLINI is very secretive about his bald head. He is always covered in his photographs, so as to give the impression that he is keeping it under his hat.

"The research kitchen I found to be rather larger, but still no bigger, than that of a good-sized house. Here a tasting session was in progress."—*Daily Mail*.

Which confused things still further.

At the conclusion of the main item at a London orchestral concert many members of the audience walked out. Where did they think they were? In the House of Commons?

A captured Italian major, given a meal by British officers, declared: "For all I care about this desert, you can have it." For a moment there was an awkward silence in the mess. They thought their guest had said "dessert."

"Save fuel by shaving with cold water," says a writer. "If the face is lathered thoroughly you do not feel the beard coming off." Especially if you don't put a blade in the razor.



Many of the songs sung in the last war are still sung. The Ministry of Fuel is rather worried about the popularity of "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

#### Cause and Effect

"When I was a patient at a most up-to-date hospital recently a number of nurses gave notice every month."  
Correspondent in "*Daily Telegraph*."

It is said that many leading ladies originally had no idea of becoming actresses. Nevertheless, some did.

An aardvark, or earth-pig, at the London Zoo has had its name changed from Adolf to Charlie. A kindly keeper noticed that the animal had been worrying about something.



A rural correspondent says there has been an increase in the number of coloured troops in her district. Or perhaps it is just because the blackberries are ripe.

A writer remarks that some of our judges are very laconic. He avers that in a London court recently His Honour granted probate.

We are told that an armoured train with steam up is at the immediate disposal of the FUEHRER. Anything that leads to his immediate disposal will be welcome.

Shoes put outside hotel doors to be cleaned have been disappearing. In some instances, desperate guests retire wearing their shoes and sleep with their feet poking out into the corridor so the hotel boots can do his work on the spot.



## The Border Feud

SOMEbody (I think it was a Bishop) has said that a great wave (or possibly a tornado) of dishonesty is sweeping over the land. I should not put it so strongly myself. I should rather say that it is unwise to leave food or clothing coupons lying about in a public place, and that if you were to drop a packet of cigarettes in the street you could not expect a stout, short-winded man to run very far up a long hill to bring it back to you. I know that a lady carrying a basket came into another lady's garden in broad daylight a little while ago and began to fill the basket with onions and tomatoes. She explained that she thought they were common property. Perhaps the removal of railings has had something to do with the kind of easy camaraderie that prevails about what is mine and what is thine. Anyhow, I shall proceed to narrate

### THE TRUE STORY OF THE PARCEL

The valley was filled with noise from end to end. The blasting in the quarries was taken up by the distant rumbling of artillery practice. Aeroplanes flew loudly overhead. These things did not seem to disturb the buzzards in the hills or the herons on the stream. Loads of wheat came creaking down the lane to the farmyard gate. The cattle moored and the dogs barked. The gander made an almost incredible din. And yet the valley seemed a place of peace. It lies in the most westerly part of England where it touches the first hills of Wales. Because it is five miles away from any shop we had sent two parcels by post to precede us. They contained a few things which seemed to be, if not absolutely necessary, at any rate useful in case of dearth. They were addressed to the factotum (she is the best of factota) who looks after the cottage affairs. One parcel arrived. About the other we received the following letter—

POST OFFICE,  
SLOPTON,  
2nd September, 1942.

Telephone : Slopton 92.

Dear Madam,—A parcel addressed to you and posted at London is being detained at this office because it contains matches.

Would you kindly furnish me with the name and address of the sender in order that I may communicate with them.

Under Section 63 of the Post Office Act of 1908 a person who sends by post a packet containing any explosive or dangerous substance is guilty of a misdemeanour and is liable on conviction to severe penalties. Matches of all kinds come within the category of "explosive or dangerous substances," and their transmission by post, no matter how carefully packed, is prohibited.

Would you kindly furnish me with the name and address of the sender in order that I may communicate with them.

Yours faithfully,

HEAD POSTMASTER.

There were three of us in the cottage. If our journey wasn't really necessary it was the first we had made for a year and a half. Naturally we ragged the packer and sender of the parcel.

"How many matches?"

"One little box. And safety too."

"How did they know there were matches in it?"

"Severe penalties they say. It's an Assize case probably."

"And Slopton of all places. It's most likely a capital offence. 'Strapped, noosed, nighing her hour. She stood

and cursed her luck. And then the clock collected in the tower—"

"I should write them a letter apologizing for your gross inadvertence and pointing out that this elemental, this global war had made you forget about the crime of sending safety matches by post. Add a few words at the end saying you would like to take the opportunity of congratulating His Majesty's Post Office on their selfless devotion to duty which has averted so vast a danger from the common weal. Be as polite as you can."

"I'm going to telephone."

The telephone conversation was curious.

"It didn't seem to be the Head Postmaster himself. Whoever it was kept saying 'But did you know there was a half-bottle of whisky in the parcel?'"

"Was there?"

"Of course there was. How are you going to fish without whisky?"

"They say the parcel was broken in the post, but they're going to send it on."

A day or so later the parcel arrived. It had certainly been broken. Badly broken. But it contained everything that had been packed in it except the box of matches.

And except the whisky.

"Well, what did you imagine they would do?"

"I call it compounding a felony."

"Do you suppose they bash open every parcel at Slopton to see what they can get?"

"That's the worst of these Slopshire lads. If it had come by Worcester and Hereford—"

"Did they speak in the Border tongue?"

"I'm going to write for that half-bottle."

"You'll probably be allowed to have it with your last breakfast on the scaffold. I wonder if they give you eggs-and-bacon."

"I should forget about it."

But the letter was sent. In due course came the answer.

POST OFFICE,  
SLOPTON,  
10th September, 1942.

Telephone : Slopton 92.

Dear Madam,—The following articles were repacked and forwarded in the express parcel addressed to Mrs. —, which was received at this office in a damaged condition on the 1st instant.

3 tablets Soap  
1 Tin Custard Powder  
3 Tins Soup  
1 Packet Tea  
A quantity of loose tea in paper bag.  
1 Glass Jar Jelly  
6 Pots Meat Paste  
1 Pot Marmite  
½ Bottle of Whisky.

It is confirmed that the bottle of whisky was actually repacked in the parcel. The packing afforded by the sender was inadequate and the bottle was wrapped in corrugated paper before being placed in the middle of the shavings.

Yours faithfully,

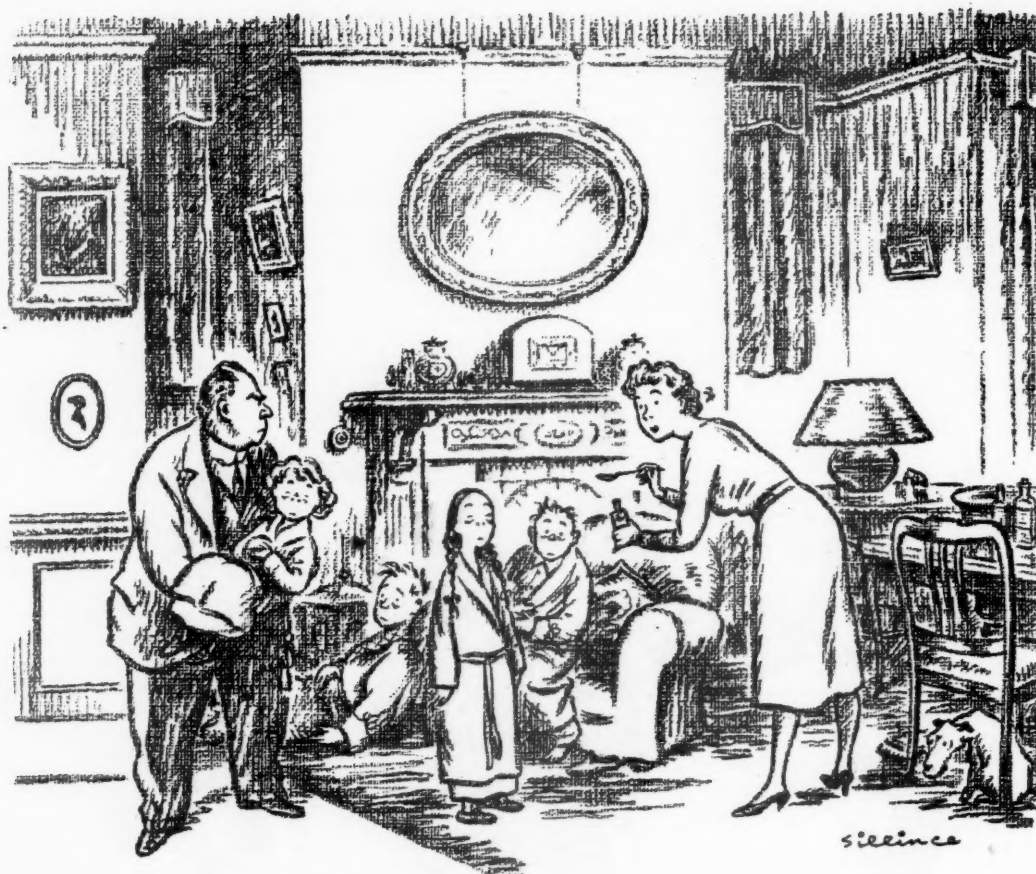
HEAD POSTMASTER.

"Should you say the tribal chieftain scoffed the whisky himself and dictated all that nonsense to one of the gang?"

"I don't suppose he knew anything about it. 'It is



PIERRE THE PEDLAR



"I'd like to meet the bally confectioner who advised you to get our full month's ration of sweets all at once."

confirmed' means that he asked a subordinate, and was told that everything was O.K."

"My view is that the Government wins as usual."

"They seem to be accusing us of trying to get another half-bottle out of them for nothing."

"Wait a minute—there's something or other written on the other side of the envelope."

"There is on most envelopes nowadays."

"Yes, but look at this one."

On the other side of the envelope, lightly scrawled, with pencil were the words—

Mr. —

Post Office Dining Club,  
Slopton.

"There you are. The final insult. For hundreds and hundreds of years of history the Welsh and the English have robbed and fought each other on these marches—"

"Shall I write again?"

"Not on your life. I'll put it all down on paper. If it doesn't interest the Head Postmaster at Slopton, it may amuse the Postmaster-General."

And so we have. We hold all the documents on our side. Nothing has been altered except the omission of the actual names and the title of the postal town. And that has not been altered very much. EVOE.

### Profanity

I MAY be being profane  
When I maintain  
That the snake  
Was a mistake;  
But I can be profaner than that  
About the gnat.

"Gandhi arrived at Bombay yesterday for the meeting of Congress Committee . . . Yesterday was his 'day of silence.' He spent it quietly."—*Gibraltar Chronicle*.

Sinister, rather



## The Departmental Spirit

A SEVERE critic of this aircraft-carrier of ours might argue that the departmental spirit is sometimes apt to be over-developed. There have, in fact, been occasions in the past when one department would be fighting a battle while another was dreamily engaged in scrubbing decks or mustering on the fo'c'sle for payment, each department being unaware of what was going on in the other.

The way that used to happen was this: From time to time when we are at sea the enemy has been in the habit of sending out a contraption which looks from the distance like a large horsefly to lounge around in the sky outside gun-range and pry into our movements. These things do no harm, but one likes one's privacy; and so it has become the custom to keep fighter patrols in the air so that they can be brushed aside while the rest of the ship gets on with the day's affairs. Consequently there would come a time when the fighters were diving to the attack, the fighter directing-officer was working himself into a frenzy on the bridge, the look-outs were bursting blood-vessels in an effort to see the other side of the horizon, and all the time down below on the quarter-deck and in the waist the simple seamen would be idly discussing art, literature, the classics, or any of those other subjects which inevitably crop up whenever simple seamen are gathered together for the purpose of scrubbing decks, without any idea of what was going on up above.

Now this, it was felt, was unfair; the simple seamen were missing a good thing. And then someone had the bright idea of relaying the radio from the fighters through the loud-speakers normally used for the news bulletins; and so now the comments of the fighter pilots go echoing and booming around the ship whenever they go into action; and some say that the loud-speakers, accustomed to the chaste words and suave accents of the B.B.C., have already started to go a dull red through embarrassment at having to give tongue to the sort of broadcasts they get now.

From the simple seamen's point of view the scheme has been a roaring success. Whenever we go to sea nowadays the spirit of the Cup Final pervades the ship, at least three book-makers start plying a profitable trade, and all scrubbing of decks, cleaning down of paint and polishing of bright-work ceases by common consent.

Nevertheless it still has its disadvantages, one of which was revealed the other day when it was the direct cause of Supply Petty Officer Wilkins losing a full morning's work.

For the broadcasts reach further than the upper deck. They go trickling down into the bowels of the ship, to emerge, among other places, through a loud-speaker outside the victualling office, where Supply Petty Officer Wilkins reigns among his ledgers. His is a cloistral life and never more

the equivalent of a privet hawk moth to a prep. schoolboy, and an altogether more wily creature than the usual run. But on Supply Petty Officer Wilkins the effect was electric. For a time, it seems, he paced the victualling office like a caged panther, but finally his feelings so far overcame him as to cause him to mount to the Flight Deck—a department which is normally as far outside his orbit as the Conservation Board for the canals of Mars.

On his way up various loud-speakers continued the account. Blue Section was attacking. Blue One was damaged. The enemy's starboard engine was on fire. The enemy was going down. The enemy was in the sea. And so on. These things were no concern of Supply Petty Officer Wilkins, although he noted them with satisfaction. But he took a graver and more professional view when he heard Lieutenant Firebrace announcing that he had a bullet through his radiator and another through his oil tank, that he was out of sight of the ship and his oil-pressure was dropping.

For a matter of a quarter of an hour Supply Petty Officer Wilkins paced the Flight Deck, a prey to the deepest anxiety. And then away in the distance there appeared a streamer of cloud which resolved itself into Blue One making for the deck with fumes pouring from the engine cowling. Only when the machine had come to a screeching halt on the deck in a smother of smoke, steam, oil, petrol and glycol, did he allow himself to relax.

"Give me a turn, that did," he commented disapprovingly to the petty officer of the Flight Deck.

"You get used to it," said the petty officer shortly.

"Not me, I don't," said Supply Petty Officer Wilkins sternly. "Not when it's an officer that's wearing a flying-helmet he's never signed up for. Puts the ledgers out, that sort of thing does. Where would I have been if he had come down in the sea? Ah, that's what I want to know."

He moved over the deck to return to the better and brighter world below, and in so doing skidded three yards through the mess of oil and glycol on the deck. "And what's more," he said, "it's downright dangerous up here. Someone'll be breaking their necks one of these days."

One feels there can be no future in any system of broadcasting that makes a member of the victualling staff feel like that.

H. W. M.

### THANK YOU

AN Officer in charge of a Com-forts Depot to whom we have been able to send supplies of our wool writes:

"In a letter it is difficult for me adequately to express my gratitude for the valuable help you give us, thus enabling further supplies of knitted comforts to be dispatched to the soldiers overseas.

"I wish I were in the position to be able to thank personally all the supporters of your Fund, for I am most grateful for this aid to our work."

We also tender our thanks to all Subscribers, and in doing so beg them to continue their most valuable help by sending Donations which will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COM-FORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

cloistral than when we are at sea. It is then, as he says, that a man can get a bit of peace, particularly if enemy action is expected. The usual ebb and flow of customers wanting loan-clothing ceases, and he is able to brood calmly among his ledgers secure in the knowledge that whatever happens to the ship it will be the affair of some other department.

And it was into this Eden that the voice of the serpent penetrated through the loud-speaker. To be more precise it was the voice of Lieutenant Firebrace, leader of Blue Section of fighters, then at ten thousand feet, who announced that he had sighted and was chasing a Ju 88. The announcement was received not without interest throughout the ship—a Ju 88 being to a fighter pilot roughly

## Little Talks

"WE talk of Nelson, Raleigh,  
Drake,  
Columbus, Cabot, Cook;  
As proper heroes, no mistake—"  
Hey?

Don't you agree?

Yes. But that's no way to—

"As ever dropped a hook."

Here, you can't—

This is a ballad of salt water. You  
can do what you like:

"But what's the bravest sailor worth  
Unless he has some notion  
Of his position on the earth—"

Sea.

I had foreseen your childish objec-  
tion.

"Or rather, on the ocean?"

Thanks.

"So here's to the chaps

Who make instruments and  
maps—"

Really, you can't—

"To take us past the reef and the  
rock!

For how would the tar  
Have a notion where he are—"

But, my dear fellow!

Shut up! This is Modern Verse:

"Without the Compass, the Sextant  
and the Clock?"

What is the point of all this?

What I said: "The Compass, the  
Sextant and the Clock."

Well, go on.

"The ancient Greeks to sea would go,  
As helpless as a babe;

But then Hipparchus, as you know,  
Devised the astrolabe."

Hey! You can't do that!

What's the matter?

It isn't astrolabe. It rhymes with  
"wallaby."

Nonsense:

"And though such instruments as  
these

Do not assist the punter—"

Punter?

The man in a punt.

Oh.

"The sailor on the higher seas  
Should praise the work of  
Gunter."

Never heard of him.

That's just my point. Edmund  
Gunter invented the Quadrant.

What's that?

You wouldn't understand: but it  
was the forerunner of the Sextant.

You looked at the sun with it. I don't  
suppose you ever heard of John  
Hadley?

What did he do?

He invented the first real marine  
reflecting instrument—in 1730. Newton

published the same idea in 1742; and  
some dirty dogs have tried to do  
Hadley out of the credit; but our  
Sextant is really just an improvement  
of his work. He ought to be as famous  
as Drake.

I see the idea. But it's such a bad  
poem.

Wait.

"Our fathers sailed the Spanish Main

And took their pistols with 'em;

But how would they have got to  
Spain

Without the logarithm?"

Look here, there are limits—

Have you the faintest idea who  
invented logarithms—in 1614?

No. But I'm against him.

You wouldn't be, if you had to work  
out a position. Listen:

"And while the Captain's working  
out,

As rapid as a rapier,

That he's in forty West (about)

He gives three cheers for Napier.

So here's to the chaps—"

Who invented the Compass?

The Chinese. Flavio Gioja of Amalfi.  
Lord Kelvin. Almost everybody. But  
the best tale is about the chronometer.

By which you merely mean a clock?

A good clock, yes. In 1713 the  
British Government offered a reward

of £20,000 for any method by which  
the longitude could at all times be

determined at sea. John Harrison, a  
Yorkshire carpenter, came to London

in 1728 with drawings of a watch. (All  
this is in Norie's *Építome*, which, of  
course, you've read?)

No.

Well, in 1735 he presented his first  
watch to be tested by the Board of  
Longitude. In 1749 he produced his

third; there was another after that,  
and he applied for the full reward.

They were all jolly good, and had  
tremendous tests—locked up with

four locks; sent to the West Indies,  
Madeira, and so on. In 1761, between

Madeira and Jamaica "the watch  
corrected the longitude to the extent

of three degrees, while some ships  
differed from the correct longitude

five degrees."

Jolly good show.

Yes. But it was not until 1773, after  
the King had personally intervened,  
that he got the full reward!

Good old Government!

Think of it! He was at it for forty-  
five years. And, of course, he died

three years after he got the cash.

Why should a carpenter be able to

make good watches?

Can't say. But he ought to have a  
statue. He must certainly have a verse.

"The sailor moves through Time  
and Space,

A most confusing pair.

He sets his watches by his place

And mixes 'when' and 'where.'

"Twixt Greenwich Time and Ship's  
Mean Time

He makes a swift comparison,

And having found his date and  
clime

He gives four cheers for

Harrison."

Why four?

Why not?

"So here's to the men

Who determine where and when

And keep us from the reef and the  
rock!

For how would the tar

Have a notion where he are

Without the Compass and the  
Sextant and the Clock?"

A. P. H.

o o

## Coming Events

BERRIES growing red

As a fire burning,

Poplars overhead

And one leaf turning.

Soon, come soon, the day

When all leaves together

Flash and drift away

In tempestuous weather.

For, when autumn's here,

In the Steppes is winter,

Where the raging spear

Of tyranny shall splinter.

ANON.

o o

## This Housing Question

THERE has been a deal of  
correspondence in *The Times* of  
late about prefabricated houses.

Now correspondence in *The Times*  
takes a serial form, and one's passions

rise or fall with each day's contribution.

It is like a modern mystery novel, in  
which the villain of the first thirty

chapters turns out to be the hero after  
all in Chapter Thirty-one.

Like a lot of other people, I was  
against prefabricated houses from the

beginning. I thought that a prefabri-  
cated house was a house that had been

built in Birmingham or somewhere

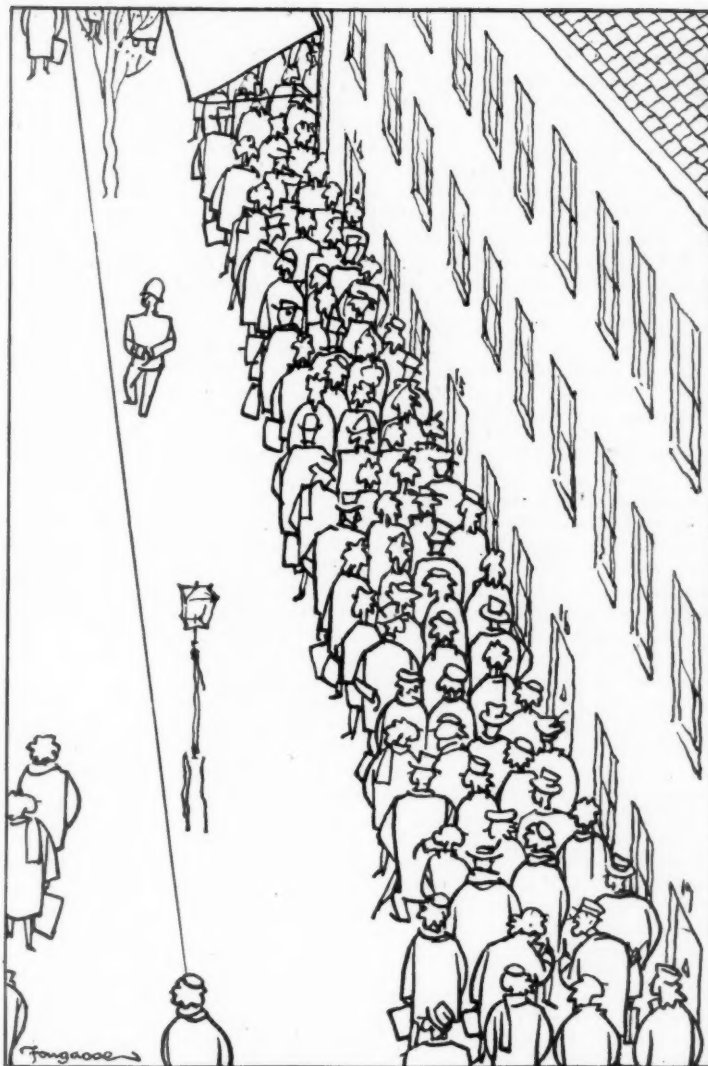
like that, transported in sections to the desirable site, and there erected. Most people who wrote to *The Times* objected to this sort of house on æsthetic grounds, but my grounds were practical. If a thing can be put together as easily as all that, it can be taken down just as easily, and if I know anything of human nature, a man would not own a house like that for more than a week before someone would start taking it to pieces to show him how it worked. I don't like things that can be taken to pieces. There is generally some trick about them that makes it impossible for anyone to put them together the same way twice.

It took me only a few days, though, to discover that what I had imagined to be a prefabricated house was not a prefabricated house at all. The term seemed to be considerably vaguer than its opponents had realized. The outside walls and the roof of the house would be built on the spot, just like those of an ordinary house. Only the interior walls would be made in Birmingham, and they would arrive completely fitted, with electric-light points, water-pipes, and, I suppose, everything down to, or up to, the picture-rail.

Even these concessions did not move me. It may have won over the people who just wanted the house to look nice from the outside, but no one can fool me into living in a house with interior walls that are detachable. In the winter when the sun only shines into the dining-room window for an hour in the afternoon, someone would persuade me to remove the dining-room wall to let the light into the lounge. Or else I would have to move the staircase to the other end of the hall, so that by storing the wall dividing the lounge from the dining-room in the garage, we could have a nice big room for the dramatic club.

Things were looking rather black, and I was thinking of looking round for a pre-prefabricated house in case mine got knocked down or blown up or fell into decay, when there appeared in *The Times* a third, and so far final, definition. It was contributed by a Mr. Alfred C. Bossom, from that home of compromise, the House of Commons.

Now Mr. Bossom favours the prefabricated house. He believes that it is as important a social advance as the steam engine, the cotton gin and the cinema. Mr. Bossom's letter moved me. A man must give way to progress sometimes, and if prefabrication can bring such happiness to mankind as the steam engine, or the cotton gin, or the cinema, who am I to oppose it? Besides, the method, here explained by



*"No, Madam, I'm afraid I've no idea WHAT this queue is for—all I want is to get home to my dinner at No. 14."*

Mr. Bossom, is hardly as revolutionary as it sounds. It just means the "steadily increasing use of prefabricated elements." Instead of making bricks on the spot, the builder will be able to buy them from the brick-maker; instead of chopping down trees, he will be able to order his planks from a timber merchant; his water-pipes, his wash-bowls, even his water-taps premarked hot and cold, will arrive all ready to fit.

All the same, I don't think I will buy one of these new-fangled prefabricated houses. I live in one now.

#### Cards on the Table

"SMALL Unfurnished Cottage and good wage offered to competent woman who will cook and clean kitchens for 2. Electric cooker. Quiet country and usual disadvantages."—*Advt. in Daily Telegraph.*



## The Two-Year-Old Problem

OUR Racing Correspondent having lost all his money and been forced to rejoin the Army, I am taking his place this week. As (I gather) the racing season is just beginning, or just ending, or something, I think that it would be interesting if, instead of discussing that elusive thing we call "form," we turned our attention to a problem which must often have puzzled the Jockey Club, though naturally it has been too proud to say so. It is this:

Why should a horse in a race for two-year-olds be entered as Queen of the Sahara colt, or Elizabeth Filly, and not, as most of the others are, in its own name of Kiss Me Quick?

I have given a good deal of thought to this subject, upon which so much of our export trade depends, and I am now in a position to offer the only five possible solutions of the problem. None of them is completely convincing, but obviously one of them must be correct. Here they are.

1. Elizabeth, who is in an interesting condition, is about to have a small horse. Owing to a hiatus in medical science nobody knows whether it is to be a boy or a girl. It is obviously impossible, therefore, to decide its name in advance, for this might lead to the gross impropriety of calling a colt Gertrude. As soon as the little one is born, and its sex ascertained, a telegram is sent to the Clerk of the Course at Gatfield, entering "Elizabeth colt" for the Upper Swappington Two-Year-Old Stakes in 1944. This must be done *without delay*, otherwise your horse may be seven years old before there is a vacancy, and somebody will notice this. The telegram sent, then and *only then* you have leisure to think of a name. You decide on Archibald, and send another telegram beginning "Re my earlier telegram." Well, you know what happens when you start doing that sort of thing. The Clerk of the Course flips over a few old telegrams, says "Oh, demmit, I can't be bothered now," and goes out to lunch. And, to your surprise, Archibald strips for his first race as "Elizabeth colt."

(Objection.—Why doesn't the owner think of alternative names beforehand? Answer.—The more alert-minded do, but the standard isn't very high.)

2. Elizabeth has twins. You are very quick off the mark this time, and call them James and John as soon as you know. Then you prepare (obtain telegraph form, sharpen pencil, etc.) to enter one of them for the T.Y.O. Stakes—but *which*? It may be John who turns out to be the race-horse and James the cab-horse, or the other way round. So you just say "Elizabeth colt," and give them a lot of gallops against each other, leaving the decision until the day of the race; so that, even if you had decided on John months before, and he suddenly goes down with a nasty cold, you can still whizz in James.

(Objection.—Horses don't have twins. Answer.—We're talking about mares.)

3. You just can't think of a name before the Swappington Stakes are run. Yes, I know, you ought to be able to in two years, but you can't. You try and try. Probably what it comes to is that your wife wants to call it Queen Rose of the Rosebud Garden of Girls, but you say it's much too long, and you want to call it Maisie, but your wife says (among other things) that her legs were much too short, because you once knew a little girl called Maisie, though there was absolutely nothing in it, just both liking Edgar Wallace, but in the idiotic way women have, your

wife—well, anyhow, you offer to split the difference and call it Edna, which was another girl you knew, and she offers to compromise with Scarlett O'Hara, and after a lot more argument you have to have another compromise . . . and so it goes on. When the race is run, it still hasn't got a name, or rather it has two names, because you always call it Maisie and she always calls it Hilary, a frightful twerp you thought she'd forgotten, and as you can't have a horse with two names because of upsetting the book-makers, it has to run as "Elizabeth Filly."

(Objection.—Why did he marry her? Answer.—I can't think.)

4. You are doing all this in a sordid way for money. Elizabeth's little boy-horse had been following you about for two years, with a pleading look in its big brown eyes, saying "Keep me! Don't send me away to strangers!" But that is just what you are going to do—you cad. As soon as it has won (or lost) the U.S. Stakes, you are going to sell it for filthy lucre. And then what? Suppose its name is Trumpington, and it was Sir John Trumpington-Trumpington (curse him!) who blackballed the new owner for the Epsom Public Baths; suppose its name is Bob, and everybody in the new owner's stable, including the new owner, is called Bob; suppose its name is Easy Come, Easy Go, which was the name of his play which was such a ghastly failure; whatever you call your horse, the owner might not like it. So you sell it as Elizabeth colt; and as soon as the cheque is safely through the bank, the new owner, who has *always* wanted a horse called Sonny, calls it Sonny.

(Objection.—He could change the name. Answer.—Then it mightn't come when he whistled.)

5 (and last). You are determined, whatever its sex, to call the little stranger Jujube. It is by Sucker out of Hebrew Melody, and anyway you like jujubes. To your intense chagrin you hear that there is a horse called Jujube, which came in last by a neck in the Middleton Plate two seasons ago. So you just have to wait till it dies, calling your own little horse "Hi!" in the meantime (so as not to confuse it later on) and entering it as "Elizabeth colt." For some reason which I cannot explain (and it is the only mystery in what I am now convinced is the true solution), the early Jujube *always* dies before Elizabeth's colt is a three-year-old, thus allowing Jujube (junior) to win the Derby in its own name, like a gentleman. It is obviously convenient that this should happen, but Nature is not always convenient, and I still don't understand why it comes to pass so regularly.

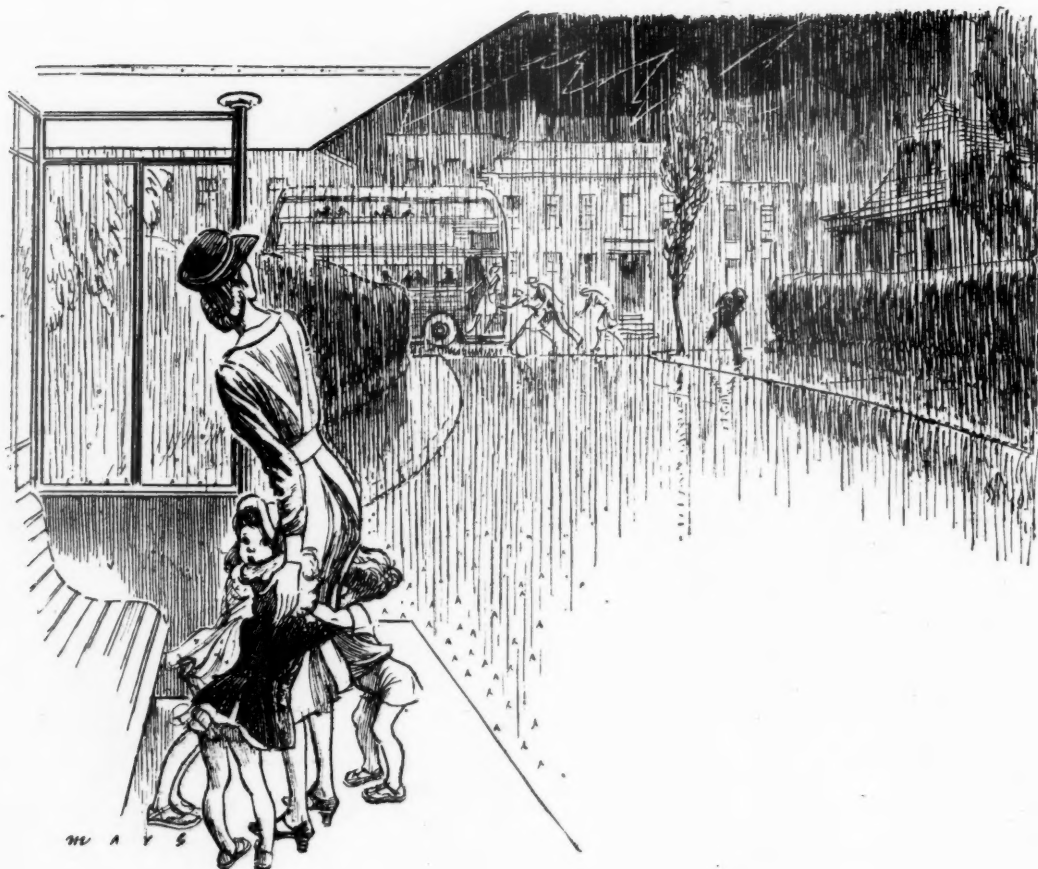
However, I may as well admit frankly that there are one or two things about racing which I don't understand; so let us hope that next week I shall be taking the place of our Medical Correspondent or somebody, with whose activities I am more closely in touch. Farewell.

A. A. M.

WE learned with deep regret last week of the death of Patrick R. Chalmers, who for a long period of years wrote much charming verse and contributed many book reviews (also in verse) for PUNCH.

His first contribution was printed on the 30th January, 1907, and his last appeared on the 29th July this year.





*"Never mind, darlings, it's only the guns."*

### *Invitation*

ONCE, in the days when catering was easy,  
One could emit a hospitable zeal,  
Cry with a loud voice, confident and breezy,  
"Come to a meal."

Something there'd be to fortify the inner man,  
Possibly luncheon, bountiful though mild,  
Frequently, too, we'd entertain at dinner man  
Woman or child.

Now, with our foodstuffs rationed and allotted,  
Now, in a time of alcoholic drouth,  
Hampered by points for everything that's potted,  
So much per mouth,

Bound by the call for fuelling frugality  
Bidding us save—and shall it be in vain?  
Not on your life—one's eager hospitality  
Suffers a strain.

Once in our not uncomfortable cottage  
George and his wife partook a modest sup,  
Bill would be here to share a mess of pottage,  
Charles would roll up.

Now, when we meet I seize a hand delightedly,  
Cry with a loud voice, gripping till he squeals,  
"Come out and see us," adding less excitedly,  
"Come between meals." DUM-DUM.





TROUBLE ON THE TRAIL



*"You can't speak to the Emperor—he's fire-watching."*

## Roman Holiday

**Y**OU must come to Fire Practice this evening," said Mrs. Boss, bearing down upon me in the village street like a seventy-four going into action. "At 5.30, on the lawn."

(Even so, in happier days, did she say, "You must come to our little effort for the G.F.S.")

"It's going to be quite jolly," she pursued. "The sanitary inspector—such a nice young man—is going to jump out of the window for us. So kind, I think—"

"Which window?" I inquired with awakening interest.

"The one immediately over the drawing-room, I think; then we shall all be able to see nicely. The night nursery would be best, of course—such a nice drop, don't you know, but there isn't such a good view. Of course, one hopes it will be quite all right. But if he *should* break a leg the First-Aid Party will all be there, and it will be splendid practice for them to have a real fracture. Those small boys we have at the classes are really too

absurd. And then," she went on, "Colonel Fluster has consented to be dragged down the stairs backwards. Most kind, isn't it? Especially when one considers his stiff leg."

"Which stairs?" I asked.

"The *back* stairs, of course," said Mrs. Boss. "Such good practice, the bend in the middle, you know, and no banister."

"And is there going to be a real fire?" I inquired.

"Now that's an idea!" exclaimed Mrs. Boss. An organizing gleam lit up her countenance. "We might manage something—I wonder if Colonel Fluster's garage—we could push his car *well* back, and of course it would be extinguished immediately. Or Miss Clack's hen-house—she has parted with most of her fowls, and in any case they wouldn't want the house till dark.

I must see . . . Don't forget—5.30 in the garden."

When Mrs. Boss commands, one obeys. In due course we assembled, complete with stirrup-pumps, on the Boss lawn—Mr. Hopps from the "local," Mr. Whissell the air-warden, Colonel Fluster, Mrs. Fluster, Colonel Fluster's gardener, three small boys, myself, and old Mrs. Plumstead (who has never been known to miss anything in the village yet), the First-Aid Party in the background looking positively ghoulish and armed with an imposing array of splints and bandages, and last but not least the sanitary inspector wearing a neat blue uniform with red facings and a slightly apprehensive expression as of one who has volunteered to be sawn in two by a stage illusionist and is hoping at the last minute that nothing will go wrong with the works.

Everybody is rather disappointed when it is learned that he is going to make his descent from the landing window, which involves a drop of

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

only a couple of feet. The First-Aid Party, baulked of its prey, audibly sniffs.

"Silly, I calls it," says Mrs. Plumstead. "Meantersay if anythink was on fire it'd be the stairs?"

Colonel Fluster too has exercised backstairs resistance after inspection of the terrain. However, he completes the descent of the front stairs amid general applause and to the accompaniment of several explosive monosyllables. "Hindustani," explains Mrs. Fluster in a whisper. "Ol' man ain't half cussin'," says the gardener, who evidently knows Hindustani.

The same worthy is also heard to remark that women ain't no good for putting out fires, because of their petticoats. He cherishes a curious belief, in spite of the fact that quite half the female population nowadays wear trousers, that women are still clad like portraits of Queen Victoria, by Winterhalter. "Women ain't no use in gardens," he frequently avers; "they knocks down all the young plants with their petticoats."

The stirrup-pump barrage is a little marred by the fact that three out of four of those present won't work. However, we all make a worm-like progress across the lawn, directing imaginary jets and sprays in the direction of an inverted flower-pot, representing a bomb, until the display is finally pronounced at an end.

"And," concludes Mrs. Boss, "I don't think we should break up our little gathering without a very hearty vote of thanks to Mr.—Mr. ?—to—er—the sanitary inspector for so very kindly coming to open—ahem, to give us such a very interesting display of—er—descent from the window. I'm sure it has all been most helpful. Will you all show your feelings—"

Mrs. Boss's hands are poised for applause, when the three backsliding stirrup-pumps, whose shamefaced proprietors have been a-poking of they with a pin during her speech, suddenly decide to come into action all at once.

"S-s-s-sh!" Either by accident or design—for Mrs. Boss has had some withering comment to make on the inefficiency of their operators—two jets and one spray, the latter rather limey since Mr. Hopps whitewashed his garage with it, converge on Mrs. Boss's public-spirited countenance and overwhelm the flood of her oratory on the instant.

"Sarve she right," murmurs Mr. Hopps darkly. It is to be hoped no one hears. Certainly the First-Aid Party doesn't, for with a whoop of delight it rushes forward to administer artificial respiration (Schafer's method) and Treat for Shock. C. F. S.

## Songs of the Censorship

Ermintrude

**B**ROUGHT up to think romance was rude  
And courtship common, Ermintrude,

A pillar of the censorship,  
Took very special pains to snip  
The slightest hint, the merest word  
Of Love or Passion which occurred  
In letters which she read. (Now this,  
If I may use parenthesis,  
Is utterly against the rules.  
I make this clear or there might be  
A Question in the H. of C.)

So sweethearts got their billets-doux  
Devoid of hugs and kisses too,  
And every wife throughout the land

Was trying hard to understand  
Why HE had grown so cold of late.  
The impact on the marriage-rate

Was catastrophic. And of course  
So was the upswing in divorce.

Now social changes such as these  
Bring comfort to our enemies,  
Whose propaganda's always bent  
On showing us as decadent.  
In consequence, committees met  
By order of the Cabinet,  
And statisticians stayed up late  
To analyse this rush of hate,  
But found the problem much too hard.  
At last they called in Scotland Yard,  
Who earned a nation's gratitude,  
By promptly tracking Ermintrude.

Love reigned again, no longer banned  
From fruitful correspondence, and  
The total donning Hymen's wreath  
Made little Goebbels gnash his teeth.  
The tale ends with a bowler hat  
For Ermintrude. And that is that.



ACANTHUS

"I have been unable to obtain a copy, Sir, but have you searched the salvage dumps?"



## British Industries at War

Reeking Tube and Iron Shard

*Mr. Punch's Special Reporter continues his tour of Industrial Britain at the Hôtel des Stevedores, Middlesbrough.*

ONE of the areas most seriously hit by the war has been the North-east Coast with its huge bridge-building and tunnel-manufacturing industries. Twice in as many as eight hundred and seventy-three years Yorkshire has felt the full weight of a Continental tyrant. The people of these parts have short memories, but they remember the savagery of William the Norman and they will not easily forget how Hitler the Hun has knocked the bottom out of the bridge and tunnel markets.

From Leeds it is but a short journey through the lovely dales immortalized by Maurice Spendelow (the younger) to the towering derricks of Middlesbrough. I made the pilgrimage on foot except for one short lapse (in the manner of Hilaire Belloc) when a rumour of foot-and-mouth disease compelled me to ride for a few miles with some coals that were going to Newcastle. The engine-driver was himself a man of Middlesbrough and drove with a devil-may-care assurance that gave the lie to those who condemn correspondence courses. From time to time he would relax his grip upon "the rod" and take a long pull at a flask of Chianti. When I had explained my mission he handed over the controls to the fireman and talked rapidly.

"So you're going to The Borough," he said. "You'll find it sadly altered. The disreputable night-life of the estuarine wharves has gone. The streets, once so full of prattling taxis and football-pool promoters, are now strangely quiet. And no wonder."

The engine-driver paused to correct the fireman's steering and then looked at me with a new interest.

"Have you ever heard of industrial inertia?" he said. "I thought not; few do. Well, take Middlesbrough. It makes bridges and tunnels. Then a war comes and ruins the business. But from force of habit Middlesbrough goes on making them. That's industrial inertia. It may interest you to know that Middlesbrough has enough bridges and tunnels in stock to last the world for years and years."

"But surely," I said, "they are not still producing bridges and tunnels?"

"No, not now," said the engine-driver. "The Government had to step in to break them of it. But if you're asking me what they are making you can go on asking." And on this

emphatic note he pulled the communication-cord and the train shuffled to a standstill at No. 2 platform.

So this was Middlesbrough.

I picked my way through innumerable blooms, billets, angles and tees to the nearest blast-furnace. The men were working deftly but sullenly. It was a moving sight. Gigantic heaps of scrap-metal reared up on every side. Thrown into fantastically vivid relief by the dancing light of the furnace, the old bedsteads and railings writhed like Martian centipedes. What deeds of devotion and sacrifice were symbolized by that mundane metal! Here were the railings that had imprisoned some urban urchin by the ears. Here were wrought-iron balconies beneath which Oldham and Warrington lads had twanged their guitars and ukuleles. Bedsteads which had been the last resting-place—of how much chewing-gum? I tell you, there was tragedy in that sordid salvage. But the men who tossed it with fine Pennine limestone and best Durham coke into the smelting pot did not think on these things.

I moved on to the rolling-mills, where a dozen secret weapons were under construction. Here too the men looked listless. It was clear that their Holidays at Home had proved disappointing. I watched one man closely. He was a typical "tyke." He was rolling cold steel for the manufacture of bayonets. Every few minutes he would trap a finger between the rollers. Then he would lose his temper and take a flying kick at an ingot. It was clear that something was amiss.

It was at the Hôtel des Stevedores that I discovered the truth. As the ironworkers sipped their "smilers" with true Yorkshire relish there was a noise like a rushing mighty wind. It was the sound of grievances being aired and problems being ventilated.

One man spoke of the sweets-ration scandal. Our desires are inexplicable. They may be controlled by blind prejudice or irrational habit. Yet these desires must be satisfied if mind and body are to function harmoniously. The psychological dangers of frustration are legion. Legislate against the chewing of twist tobacco or Caerphilly cheese by colliers, against the sucking of straws and nails by agricultural labourers and boot-repairers respectively, against the *staccato* champing of spearmint by typists, and what is the

result? You would succeed only in destroying the will to work of these people. A great longing for the forbidden fruit would gnaw at their vitals and their output would decline. And so it is with the ironworkers. Lord Woolton's measures to eliminate cross-freights in the sweetmeats trade have robbed them of their traditional "bull's-eyes." It is nothing to the ironworkers that there is a glut of Pontefract cakes in the North Riding—nothing. The Minister of Food should act quickly.

Another man spoke bitterly of the threat of inflation and of apathy in Threadneedle Street. Another complained of the rapacity of middlemen, and yet another of the B.B.C.'s dictatorial attitude in regard to crooning. But somehow these grievances did not ring true. One felt that the men were hiding something; that their unrest went deeper than mere captiousness. And then I recalled what the old engine-driver had said and I understood. These men were frustrated bridge-fiends. Industrial inertia had claimed them.

## In Lieu of Ball Games

ONE tennis ball, you say?" said the man in the sports shop, fingering his chin as he looked round his barren shelves.

"One would be quite sufficient," I explained. "The organizers of the tournament already have an old one of their own."

"I haven't such a thing in the place, sir. What's more, I don't know what I can suggest as a substitute. There is really nothing 'just as good.' This," he said, taking up a rough globular object, "is a sort of substitute for a hockey ball."

"It looks more like a rissole."

"You would not get rissoles that size," said the man quite sharply. "In any case, you couldn't play tennis with a solid composition like that unless you had some equally solid substitute for a racket. And then you might as well have a substitute for the game too. It will shortly be a question, I'm afraid, of producing something with the general characteristics of a ball and calling it 'of a ball type,' like 'wine of a port type.'"

"Ball games," he went on broodingly, "will soon be a thing of the past. It was put to me in desperation yesterday that you might be able to play golf with the blob part of a shuttlecock, if you pulled out the plumes. I mean, I can offer you footballs—but no bladders to go inside them. The outer casing is really of no use except as a boxing-glove; though one customer thought he *could* fit a handle and use one as an attaché case. It's time the Government seriously considered what is to become of the Englishman who is left without a game to play. You realize," he added earnestly, "this means the end of the coconut-shy?"

"Well," I replied, "we must *think*. Ball games were themselves an improvement on throwing Christians to the lions, which fell from favour because the Christians insisted upon a substitute for lions. By the time the Romans had thought of a substitute for Christians the first ball game was here."

"But," said the shopman, "you will never produce an acceptable alternative now except throwing Hitler to the Jews. And even if you could *ration* people at tennis, how are you to play billiards with one ball?"

"Now," I pointed out, "is the time for the Magic Circle to prove their skill. They boasted they could hold a billiard-ball between the finger and thumb of one hand, and by passing the other over it produce a second and a third ball. Let us see now how genuine that was."

"I seriously wonder," murmured the other, "whether one could not carry on in war-time with what would amount to a *token* ball."

He looked at me persuasively, one bunch of fingers poised in the air to illustrate his meaning.

"You know those photographs in the Sunday papers, showing soccer-players in incredible attitudes—and the question: 'Where's the ball?' You are supposed to draw one, where

you think it ought to be. Well, it *is* just possible (considering we are so decent about games) that we could leave it to the referee to say, each time he blew the whistle, where, judging by the attitudes of the players, he thought the ball would have been, if there had been one."

Well, it may be that our damnable English sportsmanship (having nearly lost us the war) might be equal to this absurd suggestion. Certainly, it would not surprise me.

But you will be offered another suggestion, which will carry a lot more votes, any time you put your head into our barrack-room, and ask what the men there would like to do this afternoon if there should be no organized games. You will have one immediate answer:

"Sleep."  
That's *my* solution.



"I'm spending the week-end in the country, Miss Williams. Ring up our Dover office and ask 'em if I should take an umbrella."

## At the Play

"THE BELLE OF NEW YORK"  
(COLISEUM)

WHAT inexcusable, unredeemable tosh, when one comes to think of it, is the plot of *The Belle of New York*! It defies description and, so far as we can read, has hitherto defied it with complete success. Why does *Violet Gray* leave off demureness, good works, and Salvation Army kit at the end of the First Act, reappear at the beginning of the Second as the dapper drum-major of something called "the ornamental Purity Brigade," and in the preposterous apotheosis of the Finale re-emerge in the disguise of the daring and dashing *Mlle. Bonne-Bouche* with a heart as broken as her French?

Most playgoers at each revival are too immediately beguiled by the unending endearingness of GUSTAVE KERKER'S tunes to give this elaborate question the slightest thought. A few will answer, rightly but vaguely, that she does it for love of a millionaire's son. But how very few could say exactly why? Let it be set down, with no false modesty, by the writer of this column that it requires a certain amount of intellectual courage to sit down (or get up) in the cold dawn of the morning after the first-night and read the libretto of a forty-four-year-old musical comedy. This has been done, all the same, and *Violet's* weighty reasons have been unearthed.

It appears that the millionaire had been helped to make a fortune out of the manufacture of glue by *Violet's* father, who had died without a dollar. In consequence (one would rather say, in in consequence) he embarrasses the girl with riches at his own son's expense. And here is the *clou*, the ultra-logical kernel of the piece:—

*Violet*: I have a plan.

*Harry*: A plan?

*Violet*: Yes, a plan to restore you to your rights and to your father's favour. Listen. To-morrow night a Lawn Party is to be given in honour of *Cora Angelique* at Narragansett Pier. They have

engaged *Mlle. Bonne-Bouche*, of the Tutti-Frutti Music-hall, to entertain their guests. But when the time comes the Frenchwoman will not appear. I shall appear in her place.

*Harry*: You? Why you?

*Violet*: In order to disgust your father with me. *Bonne-Bouche* is a wicked woman, who sings dreadful songs. I have learned her songs, I have paid her double her fee not to be on hand at the fête. When the time comes I will be there in her awful costume. And



A SHOCK TROUPER

Ichabod Bronson . . . . . MR. BILLY DANVERS  
Violet Gray . . . . . MISS EVELYN LAYE

your father, seeing me, will loathe me for it. I can laugh at him and tell him I am an adventuress, and then he'll turn from me to you.

It should be explained that *Harry* is monosyllabic to the verge of inarticulacy out of sheer love and admiration for this angelic schemer and her idiotic scheme.

While the reader is still boggling at the intricacy of *Violet's* motives, let him be plied with a few more fruits of research. That opening chorus—possibly because it is sung at the tail-end of *Harry's* twenty-first birthday party—always sounds even less intelligible than any other opening chorus. It runs as follows in cold print:

"Oh, we guess he's just a wee bit woosey,

Little woo,

Trifle woo,

Couldn't blame you if you said he's boosey,

Little boo,

Trifle boo.

But he's just about to take a bride,  
And he's twenty-one years old beside.  
Hence the highness of his rising tide.

Little tide

Tidy tide."

The word "woosey" perhaps excuses this, and we note that it is not one of the sixty-odd synonyms of "intoxicated" in Mr. ROGET'S *Thesaurus*. Another metrical felicity which no *Violet* ever allows us to savour properly—and Miss EVELYN LAYE is no exception in this one respect—occurs in the "Purity League" song:—  
"Now, is it not as well  
To be a trifle swell?

Or is it necessary when  
you're moral to be  
gawky?

And must a girl employ  
The modes that come  
from Troy?

Or is she not entitled to  
be stunningly New-  
Yorkey?

Oh, mayn't a girl be  
good and free from  
guile

And yet be quite a  
corker in her style?"

It may now be asked why all this complexity of purpose and all these astonishing rhymes are never clearly explained or vocalized in any performance. The answer, once again, is that it is primarily the unfadeably pretty score that the public has come to

hear. It has become an understood thing that the words hardly matter. Miss LAYE is "quite a corker in her style," and has not, in fact, sung or behaved or looked so enchantingly since she was in OFFENBACH'S *Helen*. Miss DORIS ZINKEISEN has excelled herself in reproducing the fashions of 1898. Miss ENID STAMP-TAYLOR as *Cora Angelique* has to sing the phrase: "When in my diamonds I appear, I look like a beautiful chandelier!" and complies to the letter. The "comic relief" is dire and badly dated. But the text (where heard) was followed with a completeness which we hardly ever accord to SHAKESPEARE or his great contemporaries. A. D.



## The Mirror

EVERY Friday my detachment takes a bath at the Burghester public baths. Personally I take my own bath on Thursday. I used to take it on Friday with the men, but Private Swann, a man with too ready a wit, thought one of his friends was in my cubicle, and kept putting his hand over the partition and turning on the cold shower at the most unwelcome moments. So I changed to Thursday.

Last Friday, after the men had gone, I happened to pass the baths, and the superintendent came out and spoke to me.

"One of your men," he said, "has stolen our sole surviving mirror. When the baths were opened in 1935 there was a large mirror in each cubicle. Forty in all. Three disappeared in 1935, four in 1936, and so on, until the war, when we started bathing soldiers and the remaining mirrors went with extraordinary rapidity. At the beginning of 1941 only one mirror was left, and so I took special precautions to preserve it. I admitted only men of the most saintly appearance to the cubicle where it hung, and always took care personally to usher them out when they had concluded their ablutions. This afternoon, however, I was caught napping."

"How?" I asked.

"I was called to the bedside of a sick aunt, and when I returned the mirror had gone. Only your men, Lieutenant, had used the baths in the interim. I know what soldiers are, having been one myself in the last war, and I would be the last to wish to cause trouble, but this mirror is a point of honour with me, and unless you can get it back, I shall have to inform the police."

I returned to the billet, and ordered Sergeant Hiccough to carry out an immediate kit-inspection. I made a speech to the men saying that personally I knew they were too honourable to steal mirrors, but that the myrmidon of the Burghester Borough Council Baths Committee had other views.

Sergeant Hiccough whispered to me that he disapproved of the kit-inspection.

"You think it seems to cast a slur on the men?" I suggested.

"Slur my foot, sir," said Sergeant Hiccough, "I only mean that the man who stole the mirror will have more sense than to conceal it in his own kit."

One of us was right. Either the men's honour had been challenged undeservedly, or the thief had concealed his ill-gotten gains elsewhere. Nothing was found.

"I'll tell Corporal Parkin to take the men for a short route march," said Sergeant Hiccough, "while we make a thorough search of the premises. It may be hidden behind a radiator or something."

We made a most exhaustive search. We blackened ourselves turning the boiler-room inside-out. We even climbed up on the roof and looked in the gutters, much to the amusement of the juvenile elements of the populace.

There was no trace of the missing mirror, and in the end Sergeant Hiccough admitted grudgingly that perhaps it was just possible none of our men was guilty.

I made another speech, apologizing to the men for the aspersion thrown on their characters by the myrmidon of

the Baths Committee of the Burghester Borough Council. I said that to make amends I would allow everybody to have a late pass the following evening.

I then went down and saw the Baths Superintendent. I spoke with righteous indignation about slurs and slanders. He apologized.

I returned to the billet and went to clean my teeth in my private wash-place before going to bed. And there, neatly screwed to the wall, was the missing mirror.

It is a much better mirror than my own one, which gives me a green look. What action, if any, should I take? Shall I send an anonymous donation to the Burghester Borough Council Baths Committee, as people do about income tax, and let the matter rest?



"That'll be ten fags. Send the next client in, please."



"What did you mean by saying that was the Bulgarian Ambassador?"

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### An English Officer

EXTRAORDINARY situations require extraordinary men, and it must be admitted these have never been plentiful in the higher ranks of our Army. At present, owing to the reverses we have suffered in this war, our senior officers are regarded with some misgiving. A Marlborough or a Clive has not yet emerged, and while awaiting them we are disinclined to remember the peculiar virtues of the best type of English officer, his good-humour, unpretentious stoicism, and fairmindedness. Naturally General Sir GEORGE DE S. BARROW does not claim these virtues in his autobiography (*The Fire of Life*, HUTCHINSON, 18/-), but they come out very clearly in the course of his narrative. He began his Army career fifty-eight years ago when he sailed for India as a lieutenant in the Connaught Rangers. There are many excellent stories in these early pages, the best, perhaps, being of a lieutenant who was called out to put the regiment through a few evolutions. Asked by the general, a grim martinet, why it was necessary to give the preliminary order A before the second order B, the lieutenant replied—"Ah! why indeed, sir, why indeed?"

The author took part in the relief of the British Legation at Peking, and was then appointed Police Commissioner of a certain quarter in the city. Having been given neither troops nor instructions, he collected a hundred and twenty men from various regiments and relied on his own common

sense in administering his district. The Chinese, he says, are not the mysterious beings of popular belief, but simple-minded, cheery, patient and law-abiding folk. Their good sense struck him, and he quotes a Chinaman who, when asked why the Chinese ennobled the ancestors of a great man, replied that it was wiser than ennobling his descendants. The ancestors had, at any rate, produced the great man and, unlike his descendants, were dead and could therefore not use their exalted position to do any harm.

Most of the famous soldiers in the last fifty years appear in these pages, and are sketched with an attractive mixture of shrewdness and affection. Two only are treated with coldness, HAIG and T. E. LAWRENCE. HAIG, Sir GEORGE says, had no interests outside his work, and rose to the top not through brains, of which he had no abnormal share, or tact, of which he had little, or imagination, of which he had none, but through his power of concentration. The author and LAWRENCE met at Deraa, in the Damascus campaign. The Arabs were going through a stationary ambulance-train cutting the throats of wounded Turks, and as LAWRENCE refused to stop them, Sir GEORGE ordered his own men to throw them out.

H. K.

#### The Man Who Stayed Behind

A Hungarian novelist, educated in England and living in Montmartre (for "life was better in France than anywhere else in the world"), Mr. PETER DE POLNAY took advantage of his ambiguous nationality to stay on and observe the Hun when France fell. He had volunteered in vain; the fighting was over; the Boche, apart from his thirst for cheap drinks and cheap women, was behaving (as he had been told to behave) prettily, and England was *perfidie Albion*. So the author of *Death and To-morrow* (SECKER AND WARBURG, 12/6) typed innumerable copies of R.A.F. leaflets for distribution and invented better ones of his own; and after the Battle of Britain, France revived; the Boche came out in his true colours; and everything portable—from pigs to the larger sizes in silk stockings—vanished to Germany. The propagandist's associates were captured, and he escaped to observe the pitiful harlequinade of Vichy and taste two loathsome spells of imprisonment in Marseilles. Finally, he crossed the Pyrenees on foot and arrived here. His brilliant and captivating book—the observation of so many crucial moments, the longer views of a *croyant* with eternity to bear him out—should prove that this tried friend of England has fuel to add to "the flame of inspiration and faith" he discovered in these islands.

H. P. E.

#### The Inner Man

Mr. T. A. LAYTON does not seem to have been a great scholar—in the ordinary sense of the word—for he admits having failed in entrance examinations at four public schools, and fared no better when he tried to matriculate at Oxford. Which may have been a blessing in disguise. For after trying his hand at selling various articles of commerce on commission, he won, by some freak of fortune, a scholarship that the Vintners' Company had started to give each year. The Court wanted a young man who was likely to take an interest in wine, and he had already spent some time in Bordeaux, learning French and working in the wine cellars there. So he was given enough money to spend a year in visiting the chief wine-growing centres of Europe. After that stroke of luck a career as wine-merchant and restaurant proprietor was clearly marked out for him, and in *Table for Two* (DUCKWORTH, 10/6) we are given a quite fascinating account of the founding of his two restaurants—the Book Wine and the Cheddar Roast—which in due

course appeared pleasantly convenient for the British Museum. Most of us like to read of good dishes and sound wines, but *Table for Two* gives us also, in addition to numerous stories about interesting clients, Mr. LAYTON'S adventures in Spain and Portugal (where he was induced to act as a banderillero in a bull-fight), and his almost equally alarming experiences when he started business as a restaurateur with dishonest barmen and intoxicated chefs. L. W.

### Ten Bad Neighbours

Mr. CARL CROW has perhaps buttered our paws a thought too lavishly to induce us—as if inducement were needed—to stay and look at his latest travel-pictures. *Meet the South Americans* (HAMILTON, 12/6) opens with tips to tourists in search of luxury hotels and black-eyed señoritas; but once past these shoals and sirens, one encounters a practical as well as entertaining review of the whole sub-continent, omitting the three Guianas. Here, says the author, are the coming markets: possibly the coming world powers. "Ten bad neighbours," from the "captainish" and unpopular Argentine to cultured little Colombia. All dwell in a Balkan atmosphere of boundary and tariff bickering. Brazil eats execrable bread rather than encourage Argentine wheat. You strike a Chilean match in Peru at your peril. Yet each republic has a traditional way of life; and if wages are sometimes low, the price of food is lower. Mr. Crow provides an illuminating chapter on the percolation of American export trade (with glances at its British and German rivals), and two chapters on HITLER'S potential empire, a grandiose and cunning scheme, founded on a local surplus of needy politicians and the blackmail of reluctant South Americans with relatives still in Germany. H. P. E.

### The Later Lunacy

Authors are inclined to resent any dwelling on their early works. All the same, one's recollections of Mr. BRANCH CABELL'S *Jurgen* are too lively to be put aside. That mischievous and slightly shocking romance remains in a class of its own, and the author may be pleased and touched to learn that its entertaining qualities survive even the heat of the Middle East. Yet because he evidently had these recollections too, his later books were not always as novel as they might have been. In *The First American Gentleman* (THE BODLEY HEAD, 7/6) Mr. CABELL makes a break with the past. His style is no less rich and curious, but he now has a subject. Spanish colonization and missioning in the Americas provide him with a legitimate butt. No wonder his noble savage is surprised! For it cannot be denied that though these arrogant Europeans have virtues, they are virtues of the questionable sort that leave everyone far less comfortable than before. Patriotism and religious devotion in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were apt to mean for the native subjects an inexhaustible greed and the more lingering forms of execution. Mr. CABELL'S levity is twice as amusing now that it has a point; and there are more sombre additions, something of which that youthful *Jurgen* would have been incapable, and this is all to the good. J. S.

### War and Fun

The middle-aged don who tells the story in Mr. GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM'S new book, *Over the Border* (METHUEN, 8/6), introduces us almost at once to *Lady Margaret Donaghue*, owner of a more than promising racehorse and sister to an Irish peer whose only daughter rashly marries a German diplomat. Very soon we, and *Lady Margaret*, also meet the don's late pupil *Jimmy MacNiece*, and so the stage is set.

The diplomat and his wife are in Dublin; over the border in Ulster there are raids on Belfast; it is perfectly obvious to *Lady Margaret* and to *Jimmy*—though to no one else perhaps—that the German nephew-in-law, who has been staying with his wife's people, is responsible. A splendid conspiracy to seize him on his next visit and take him over the border to durance vile is hatched and carried out. The carrying out has its difficulties—money has to be found, an aeroplane is desirable, the Ministry of Information and other august bodies are involved, and the whole thing becomes extremely complicated. One of the best moments is when the conspirators—now including the don—duly secure their prey, but why it is so good it would be unfair to the funniest novel of the war to give away. B. E. S.

### Fun in Egypt

"In many respects Egypt is a far pleasanter place in which to spend Christmas than Great Britain, and the reasons for this are manifold." This first sentence (referring of course to the days of peace) in *Scattered Shots* (MURRAY, 7/6) reminds us that Christmas will soon be here and that no better present than this book could be chosen for sportsmen, bird-lovers or, indeed, anyone who enjoys good-tempered and amusing reminiscences. Major C. S. JARVIS, C.M.G., O.B.E., the author, is excellent company when he describes the half-way halt of migrating birds, guns in the Nile Valley and the desert, fishing at Akaba, his pets (including golden eagles and pelicans), and the inscrutable ways of camels. He laughs quietly at others, including the visitor to El Arish who, after seeing a red-backed shrike dragging its brain-emptied victim, referred touchingly to the "dear little bird" that was "trying to carry off its mate who had died of starvation," and the young soldier who peppered his colonel because he "exerted a malign magnetic influence over him." Yes, Major JARVIS is a born story-teller and "ROLY," who illustrates the book, is at his best when collaborating with him. B. E. S.



"I wish Sergeant had given us 'Eyes Front' before he dismissed us this morning."





*"Nice cup er tea, Son, though I don't suppose it's up to the one the Sergeant-Major brings you!"*

### H. J. Talking

**S**CRUPULOUS readers will have noticed that I have frequently referred to my wife but never to my children, and some conclude that I am destitute of same, such conclusions being so rash as to be laughable. I have at least four children, my vagueness being caused by the twins as a lark pretending to be triplets and referring frequently to each other as if they were being additional outside the room. The eldest, a he-child, is called Secundus, my wife regarding my suggestion of Primus as disrespectful to her. Secundus, or "Two" as he is nicknamed, is a very small-built child, which is convenient, as he fits easily into small cheap pieces of apparatus when I am experimenting. He is thought by some to be slightly odd in manner, having been brought up for several years with three owls, to test whether they would teach him to see in the dark. The test was a failure, but interesting all the same, as they taught him to hoot, which through laziness he is apt to do instead of speaking, especially for the responses in church. The twins come next and are called Medius and Media, being of opposite sexes. Apart from being like each other there is really not much to the twins, though they served as a basis of one experiment, which showed that if you pushed a pin into a twin the other did not much care. Our last child is a more striking character and called Junissimus, being the youngest. He is full of fun and pranks, such as stuffing cushions with barbed-wire and filling folded umbrellas

with sneezing-powder, causing people to think that they have caught colds from the rain when they raise them. Junissimus is a very strong child and has an annoying habit of taking the garden-roller and rolling the rock garden right into the ground so that it looks like a crazy paving. He is also apt to roll visitors as they come up the path, and we have had to have a notice printed saying

"ALTHOUGH THERE IS NO NEED TO BEWARE OF THE DOG BECAUSE WE HAVE NO DOG BEWARE OF A SMALL BOY PUSHING A GARDEN-ROLLER NOR DO WE WANT CANVASSERS."

Recently we have been trying an educational experiment with our family, dividing them equally into an Experimental Group and Control Group. The Experimental Group are taken to various places of interest, given milk and orange-juice, have stories read to them and very expensive tutors. The Control Group do their lessons in a cellar; they learn mainly Latin grammar and arithmetic, and live on fever diet. Both groups are then sent in for an examination, and the Experimental Group do much better, this proving several things, among such being that environment is more important than heredity, that modern methods are good methods and that food is important.

We have some difficulty in deciding what careers the children are to follow when they grow up, as my wife wishes them to go into the family business, and this means starting a business for them to go into; while I want them

to marry money, and for this it is necessary to learn such subjects as horse-riding, dancing, and simple accountancy. If all four marry money it will easily be seen that the money can be less than if only one does. B. Smith is writing a book on choice of careers, and when finished this should be of great assistance to us. It tells you—what few other books on the subject mention—the drawbacks to each career; for example, under VET, being bitten, under SAILOR, the sea, etc. The problem of discipline in a large family is very difficult, and until B. Smith discovered that the children were sensitive about their personal appearance it seemed insoluble; but now all that is needed if a child is naughty is to forbid it to wash or to brush its hair for a fortnight, serious cases being dealt with by smearing them liberally with the cheaper kinds of jam.

What with a house and family and science and self-indulgence, straitened is what my circumstances would be if I were not fortunate enough to have a Financial Flair. I devote two hours each day to the Flair, this being ample to provide me with all I want to spend in the other hours. My method is this. I open the daily paper and look down the lists of engagements; then I write to the parties and threaten to forbid the banns, this being something that anyone can do and being difficult to live down even if unjustified. I cannot ask outright for money, as this might be considered blackmail, so I just wait for them to make an offer. Some are hard and dare me to do my worst, but many think it better to play for safety and send me gifts which I convert into stocks and shares. Investments, I should explain, are of two kinds: those which pay you so much every year (and these I keep) and those which do not pay you but just go up and down; these I keep until they go up, when I sell them, and the difference between the price I gave for them and the price at which I sell them is called profit, and I live on it. It sometimes happens that shares go down all the time, and in this case I use them as presents, and people feel that they must return my gifts and frequently give me good solid things, and if these are worth more than the price I originally paid for the shares here again we have a profit. Some people find it is cheaper to live by making themselves into a company, and others stay mainly with friends, but I find that the Flair produces ample for my simple needs and saves me the embarrassment of being announced by butlers as Harmony Jenkins and Co.

There is one thing which strains my Flair to limits and this is income-tax, which even my scientific training does not enable me to master completely, and I have on several occasions paid same. While I find the best way of dealing with income-tax is losses and depreciation of plant, for some reason I cannot convince inspectors that if finance is my business my plant must be capital, and that I should be allowed depreciation at standard rate quite apart from what is actually lost or gained.

Once I set up as an Income-Tax Consultant, and by means of an enticing brochure acquired many clients whose fees more than balanced the amount of tax I had to pay; but this was not a method which would work very often, and the next year I was again down in my accounts. Tax officials, though amiable and industrious, are narrow-minded and apt to turn down good suggestions even if they might benefit the revenue—among such being that I should place my Flair at the disposal of the Government, my idea being that if when threatening to forbid banns I did it on official note-paper my percentage of failures would be far fewer, and the profits would be shared with the Treasury. I also suggested that if I managed to get ten new tax-payers I should go tax-free myself, something not unlike this principle being applied in many kinds of trade.

## Signals Celibates

WE are still at Basegram Hall, in fact we have been there for a period of twelve buzzer exercises and some of us know a "tiddly pudding" when we hear one. Our Course is even beginning to look like a conglomeration of Signals Officers.

The point about Signals Officers is that, in company with Gunnery Officers, Navigation Officers and Executive Officers, they consider themselves the cream of the Service. But whereas with the others you can identify them from handy booklets, price threepence, you need special knowledge to pick out a Signals Officer.

There are small points to be observed—the top left-hand button is left undone, the white handkerchief shows brazenly from the breast-pocket, and the hair is worn long. But the real, the infallible sign, is the Signals Officer's waistcoat. For hours, weeks, days this may lurk modestly beneath the monkey jacket, until suddenly the coat is thrust open and there, like a primrose, is the waistcoat—trim, brass-buttoned, the ultimate sign.

No one in our Course, not even Lieutenant Flake, has dared to buy a waistcoat yet, but we watch our instructors enviously and wait the day.

Tone, you see, is the watchword of the Signals Officer, and we are fortunate in having a fitting abode in Basegram Hall. There can be little wrong with a Course of Officers who receive instruction in a room marked "WALNUT SUITE" in black painted letters on the door, even if the naval authorities try to call it SAB.

Unfortunately this relic of past splendour has created internal problems. Lieutenant Flake, whose cabin is called "The Tassel Room," is all right. But what of Lieutenant Copping? He inhabits the Third Footman's Bedroom, and it has produced a distinctly Socialistic outlook.

This outlook did not immediately show itself. It ate



"I warned you about his generosity."

unobtrusively into Lieutenant Copping's soul until one day he came upon an advertisement for a College of Telegraphy in an official manual. Prior to this he had done nothing more radical than pin up a cutting entitled "Methods of Communication. No. 1. Message in Bottle" on the ward-room notice-board, but the College of Telegraphy really fired his imagination and he gave much thought to it during lectures. In the most thrilling moment of "World Cable Systems" he could be seen thinking of how the principal of the Minerva College had first established Morse communication between the branch in Acton and the main college at Clerkenwell.

Most of the Course, let it be understood, think of happier days during lectures. Our front row knew all the answers before they ever came to Basegram Hall, and the back row do not care if they do not know them when they leave. It has made things very difficult for Lieutenant Lumping, our instructor.

"Flake," he says, "explain how you would split a converging di-pole?"

Silence.

"Lanyard?"

Deeper silence.

"Crimp?"

Sub-Lieutenant Crimp has a cheerful approach.

"I've absolutely no idea whatever, sir," he says with admirable frankness.

Lieutenant Lumping then comes to Windy Corner, which he always takes at speed—"Playfair? Widgeon? Copping?"—and arrives with relief at the front row. None of the three members of Windy Corner has ever been known to answer a question, with the exception of Lieutenant Copping, who once remembered the number of henrys in a millehenry and was immediately kicked by Lieutenant Widgeon and nudged by Lieutenant Playfair so that he bore the bruises for a week.

Any danger of ever answering another question, however, was at once removed upon Lieutenant Copping's discovery of the Minerva College of Telegraphy. He dreamed, instead, of how in a modest mansion in Streatham he would start his own college. He even appointed a staff:—Lieutenant Lanyard (Headmaster), Sub-Lieutenant

Crimp (Games) and Lieutenant Playfair (Visiting Staff, Music).

But the main point about Copping College, the cornerstone on which it would be founded, was that everyone connected with it would be thoroughly common. The great thing, Lieutenant Copping said, was for the world to be able to point to a Copping College man and say, "There goes the sweepings of Whitechapel."

Thus it was with great delight that Lieutenant Copping discovered the teleprinter room. In times of peace the teleprinter was a respectable instrument, adorning bookmakers' offices and printing nothing more offensive than "Gay Gertie walks it in the three-thirty." Now, however, a strange and barbaric language has crept on the paper and the operators hurl guttural syllables, reeking with false sentiments, at each other.

R Uther? they say.

G.M.O.G. Ere I am.

Can u take for Plip, pse?

Tic. Sorry, O.G. Plop takes for Plip.

Plop is O.O.O., O.G.

This seemed admirable to Lieutenant Copping, and he adopted it for his college. In fact, being a man who never did things by halves, he startled the Mess on Guest-night by saying, "Ave u the salt, pse? Tks." So much so, that Lieutenant Flake was thoroughly upset and told Lieutenant Copping he was letting the Course down. Asking for the salt like that, Lieutenant Flake said, was not the way to win the war.

Lieutenant Copping said nothing at the time, but everything comes to the patient man. Next morning at Morse practice it was Lieutenant Flake's fate to have to make him urgent cries for help. For some moments Lieutenant Copping considered and then laboriously hammered out his reply.

As a matter of fact few could read it, but an expert declared that it ran:

"Ave u no waterwings IMI ave u no waterwinkles. Tiddly pudding. G.M.O.M. Calling-up sign."

At any rate, Petty Officer Postagram thought it was funny. And he has been in the Navy fifteen years.

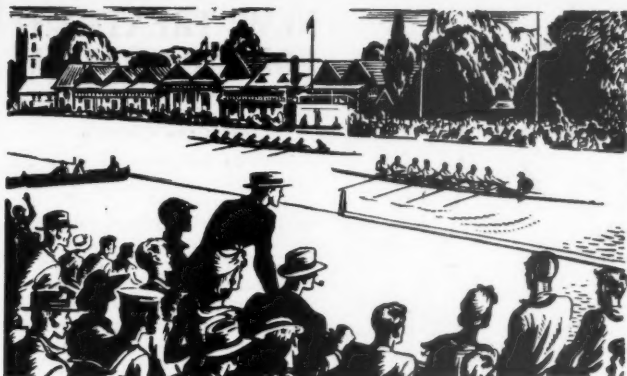


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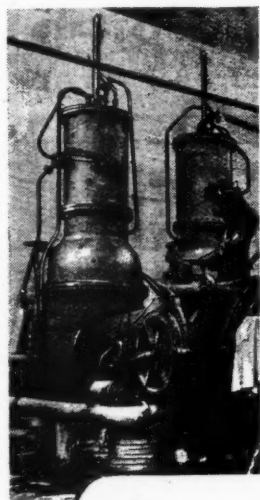
*It will come again...*

Henley Royal Regatta — for over a hundred years it has been held; now an interruption. But only an interruption: Henley, like our other treasured events, will survive the war. Much more than a hundred years ago — in 1789 — Andrew Pears first made the soap with the now famous name. The production of Pears Soap has now unfortunately to be greatly reduced; it will not be easily obtained. Pears Soap is one of those long-treasured favourites with which the war has interfered but which peace will restore.

*Pears*

ORIGINAL  
TRANSPARENT SOAPS

TP 252/180



## GLENFIELD VALVES

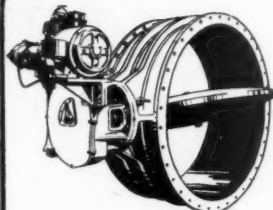
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With so much less Brylcreem to use these days the care of your hair is all the more important. Guard against a tight scalp — so frequently the cause of scurf, falling hair and baldness. Every night and morning finger-tip massage your scalp for half-a-minute to keep it loose on your skull. A massage twice daily, together with a very few drops of Brylcreem every few days, will help to keep your hair healthy and good looking.

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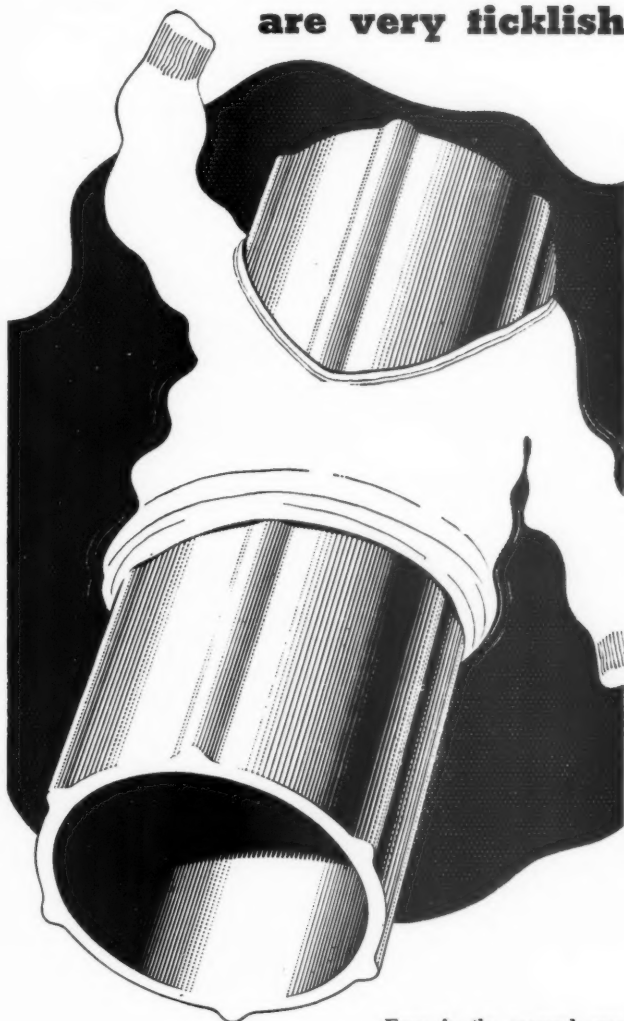
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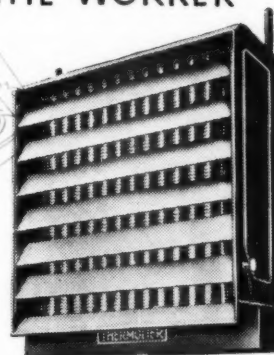
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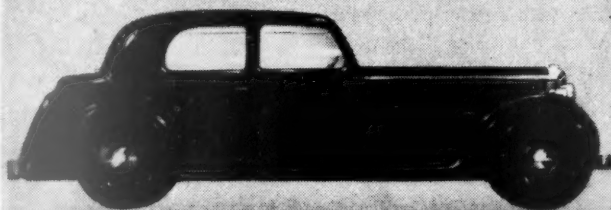




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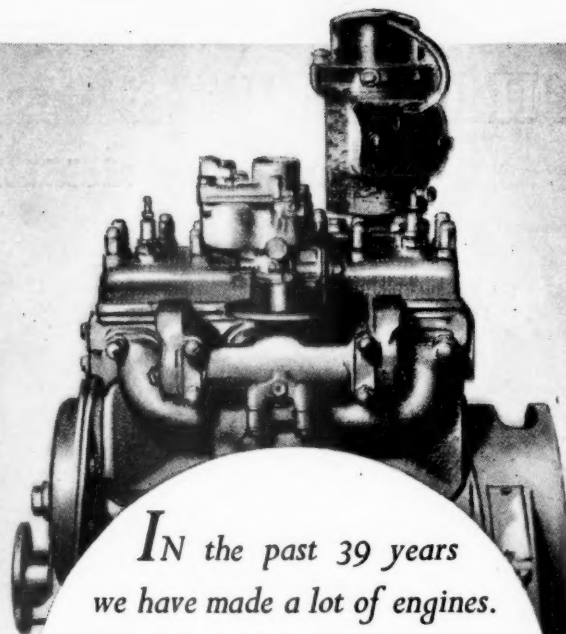
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